

SUMMER PROJECT 2019

Subject: BTEC Level 3 Performing Arts

Teacher: Katy Beales

Why do we do a summer project?

We ask all students who are intending to come to L6FC to study in September 2017 to complete a short project in their chosen subjects over the summer holidays. The purpose of this is to enable you to start researching and gaining an understanding of the topics which will be covered in your course, and to show your teachers that you can organise your time and work independently. You will bring your summer projects to college in the first week of term to hand in to your teachers.

What is the summer project?

You have been sent a letter asking you to take part in an Audition, this is to assess your suitability for the course and to give you more insight into what the course entails. If you have not received a letter see me on taster day or email me on the address below. There are still dates available!

What you need to do ↓

You must prepare **one** of the attached monologues to perform **or** perform a 2 minute solo dance in any style. If you choose to perform a dance piece please bring in a suitable music track on a USB drive or email a YouTube link to k.beales@lowestoftsfc.ac.uk in advance of your audition.

Can you give me some more guidance on what is expected?

This is due in in your first BTEC performing arts lesson. If you have any hesitations, please contact me (Katy Beales) on – k.beales@lowestoftsfc.ac.uk or call the college and leave a message on 01502 537000 and I will get back to you.

If you want to read ahead, get a copy of the following plays;

- Other desert cities by Jon Robin Baitz
- Cage birds by David Campton

Monologue – option 1

Kate

V ii 54

Verse

The Taming of the Shrew

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience-
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am asham'd that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Come, come, you forward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Monologue option 2

Look, I didn't make you people, God did, okay?

But there was a design flaw in the creation: He gave you free will. To balance that out, you were designed to self-correct.

But, unlike the "Free Will" muscle, the "self-correct" muscle is not a particular favourite of the homo-sapiens. I'd say "self-correct" falls somewhere between colonoscopy and firing squad on most people's holiday wishlists.

At any rate, the truth is: I don't have to actively compete for souls, I don't have to lull or flatter or tempt or deceive. Because with God at the helm and you people running around wreaking havoc: I'll be honest, I spend most of my time on a sofa watching one-hour dramas on HBO.

There's a concept, Cunningham, called playing the cards you are dealt. One can either accept that concept, or one can slowly lose one's mind, heart and soul. I'd like to be more helpful to you here, but uhh, that's all it comes down to.

Just a fallen angel in a monotheistic society...

Any further questions?

Monologue option 3

SCENE II. The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter

EDMUND

Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,--legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!